

EVERYDAY HIKING



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(or best offer)

YOUR ARMCHAIR GUIDE TO THE ESCAPADES OF THE IHC
ISSUE #3: FRESH, FUN, AND ON THE RUN!



EVERYDAY HIKING

is an everyday publication of the Interlopers Hiking Club.

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Join us on our daily excursions. No costumed hikers left behind!

SEE YOU AT THE TENT.

ISSUE #3: FRESH, FUN, AND ON THE RUN!



the tannoy announcement sent everyone home. Tried to persuade you lovely people to part with your last "Fiction" iron-on, but to no avail. So here's a begging email instead.

Hope you had a good night in your tent.

Greatly enjoyed reading issue 1 of your everyday publication - can't wait for the next one. Just checked the website, but soon realised that it's everyday and not every day ...

Coming across your tent was the highlight of this year's Frieze and I would have loved to visit again and see you properly, but the entrance fees are just that little bit prohibitive. And the security controls on the way out are almost as fierce as at the airport - all very corporate, what a shame (don't remember the previous years to have been like this).

Please, please, please send me a "Fiction" iron-on as it would greatly enhance my winter wardrobe. I will send you cash, or do a Paypal transfer, or if you prefer you can have a demo tape of my unbelievably talented's boyfriend's music. You may need a good soundtrack for your next escape.

You'll like him, he's a hiker, too.

Thanks and happy hiking!

Meike

Dear Meike,

You are awesome for writing. We love hearing from our readers! As of this time (Sunday morning), Fiction hasn't surfaced, so we haven't been able to find out about the availability of the patches. Sorry to hear about the security "issue" on the way out. We were curious about that too. We saw a sculpture at the fair that looked like a couple cans of Coke and were wondering how a security guard searching a bag might recognize it as a stolen sculpture. The stuff immediately recognizable as "art" won't fit in a purse anyhow. You can tell that we've spent a lot of time pondering these sorts of questions here in the tent. Glad you didn't try to run off with one of those Fiction patches, though; we have an APB out and it would be impossible to sneak one of those babies through.

LETTERS TO EVERYDAY HIKING

Dear Everyday Hiking,

I saw you on the street today. You were really nearby the mental institution. You should consider checking yourself in. Even though you are Americans, you will be able to receive help here in our country. Our responsibility in terms of health care is one thing which sets apart from the U.S.A. Our citizens here matter. I think you might benefit from some time in the hospital. They have a good craft area so you will be able to do needlepoint and make puppets. Have a good day, and make good choices.

—Turncoat Former American

On the Street

Dear Turncoat,

Thanks for the great advice. What we'd like more than anything is a little time off and the opportunity to have no responsibilities outside of puppet making and needlepoint.

Dear Hikers,

I understand you've been having trouble sleeping. I thought you might be able to use these Quies natural wax earplugs from France. They will block out all noise. I use them often on my worldwide travels.

Bon Soir,

Your neighbor Jeff
Booth # G6

Dear Neighbor Jeff,

Thank you so much. We look forward to trying out these sexy earplugs. Due to their precious presentation and our general ignorance, we initially thought they were breath mints and one of our hikers swallowed one. Needless to say, their breath didn't improve. Now we're looking for someone who is already deaf in one ear who might need just one earplug.

Hello everyone.

I did my own little hike around the Frieze Art Fair last night and stopped at your tent for a brief moment before

ON THE COVER



A pair of menacing pit bulls greeted the hikers at the Sir Robert Peel pub on our day 3 hike. We sure showed them who's the boss!

TENT AFTER HOURS: All Calm on the Western Front

Friday, October 21. 11:20 PM Tonight the superstructure and security seem to be loosening. Swak and Velvet and I just arrived, and I don't remember trudging through any inclement weather. Under the big top, things feel very different, the wind on the roof now causing the whole tent to flap and creak and groan like a doomed galleon. Welcome to another surreal sleepover at IHC Headquarters.

I'm sitting with our guard, Mohammad, who now seems more at ease with his assignment, and quite at home here. Swak is supposed to interview him (and a few minutes ago she was bubbling with enthusiasm at the prospect) but she's since disappeared into the sleeping quarters, where she remains strangely silent. I don't want to do an interview- I'm tired and sore. Mohammad watches me pour a double bourbon, and we talk briefly about the recent disaster in his homeland of Pakistan. His family was not directly affected.

Finally I can't stand the noise any longer, so I go with my escort to see if it really is as windy as it sounds. We head to the glass wall of the nearest café, where I cup my hands to the window and peer out. The trees are swaying somewhat; it's breezy, sure, with the occasional aggressive gust, but nothing that should cause the horrendous cacophony I'm camped under. My curiosity satisfied, we head back to camp.

Muhammad and I talk more, and I think I'll do the interview after all, (because I want to know why the fuck Pakistan thinks it needs a nuclear weapon), but I can't find the tapes for the micro-corder. The conversation ambles awhile, then abruptly trails off. Now the rain starts- fat, heavy drops that smack the roof intermittently, building to a low, enveloping roar. I remind myself that a lot of Pakistanis would be immensely relieved and grateful to have somewhere warm and dry to spend the night. Tonight's tent report might have been more exiting if I didn't, but once I finish this bourbon and insert my earplugs, my lights will be out. The tent, I expect, will remain warm, dry, and brightly lit.

, —Swacky G

PAIN AND SUFFERING (FORMERLY "BLISTER REPORT")

PONY: I am suffering from a hideous lower back pain I can only conclude is the result of my poor previously mentioned footwear descions. Today I am going to experiment with proper walking shoes, my Nike G-Shock ladies runner. I think I can successfully accessorize them with my grey pony pin stripe suit. Solution (next day): It worked! After a day hoofing the streets of London in a more pragmatic shock cushioned running shoe my back pain is gone and the feet are ready for more.

FICTION: We reached our destination, (if ever there really is one), of our daily hike, whereupon our arrival, there appeared an ape to join us for our portrait session. The late afternoon filtered light combined with the low late Fall sun at Hampstead Heath makes for the consummate photo studio. This said, I should also recommend in hindsight, that one not wear Dior boots while on a hike through the Heath. It seems that this particular brand of boots are made for indoor, leveled ground activities. When I began my descent from the highest point at the Heath, I may as well have been on skis. I lost my low center of balance, slid gracefully with my camera in hand onto a railroad tie. The tie put an immediate stop to my graceful descent. In fact, it served as a sort of sling from which I was launched face first into the mud. Fortunately, my camera lens and my shin caught the fall. Fortunate that, because I have but one uniform whilst on this adventure, and it would truly be misfortune to get my lovely new Dior suit soiled without my wanting it to be.

I wiped what mud I could, and looked beneath my pant leg to discover a giant bruise equal in size to, but just below my knee cap. It is this pain that I am writing of and not the pain caused me by my soiled gold attire.





What they are wearing...

Smacky G wears Police Tactical boots from Big 5, a black Kevlar utility vest from the BX at the Marine Base, all-purpose sports-grade helmet (which he bought a whole case of at the 29 Palms Thrift Shop) fitted out with motorcycle goggles and a black diamond headlamp.

Pony's Equestrian themed costume was sewn from woolen tweeds and pinstripes belonging to her late grandmother. The inside of each garment is lined with crème colored silk crepe covered with organic ink doodles drawn with a deluxe micro uni-ball pen by Sanford ... Ask Pony for a closer view

Dziga's Russian cowboy inspired hiking persona wears several outfits featuring artificial animal furs – one of them is a bear coat and yak yoke and big brown furry boots created by his friend Jurgen who is a puppet maker (the word on the street is that Jurgen received an Emmy for his work on the Muppets).

Swack Go-Go Mez glides in her white corset belt worn with a matching vinyl bolero vest, adorned with the limited edition IHC hiking patches. On her feet are Michael Korr Italian Hiking boots (they are Italian, so of course they are high heeled) covered by green faux leopard leg warmers – worn with matching armbands.

Tin Pan – Morphs African, Guatemalan, Mexican, Chinese, Peruvian and Native American elements into his hiking garb and wears all of this over a pair of all American camo Fatigues." it makes a lot of places for bugs to hang out" he states – then adding that his hiking gear is also his on stage garb when he plays with his band the Meat Bees.

HIKING REPORT: Day 3

To the Heath and Beyond



Our hike this afternoon began with an ambitious plan to hike to the top of Hampstead Heath for an uncompromising view of the city we've most recently been calling home. We struck out around 2pm and strutted our way through the park. Tin Pan brought out a well-shined saxophone and began playing a tuneless melody. The ambience he created with these sounds in the park was not unlike ambiences we had encountered in other parks in other countries. But in other contexts, as we walked, the sound would fade into the distance. Not so this time. As we walked, the sound came with us, and, as we were strung out in a meandering line of walkers, the source of the sound was not obvious, providing a traveling backdrop for our stroll until a homeless bum screamed in Tin Pan's face: "we don't allow music in the park!"

We came to a busy shopping area, full of booths hawking all manner of costumes. Striped legwarmers emblazoned with skulls, motorcycle boots befitting of Mad Max, T-shirts with slogans brazen and inappropriate. On the next block, a shop on the corner sold juggling supplies and unicycles, and this hiker restrained herself from purchasing a set of juggling knives or torches. The next shop was even better- a one-stop goth fashion emporium. There were black flowing dresses galore! And plenty of strappy bondage pants and kilts. The sidewalks overflowed with stalls full of studded leather belts, wristbands, and collars, not to mention a preponderance of silver jewelry- necklaces and rings- depicting bats, spiders, vultures, and other spooky creatures. I felt as if I had stumbled into the fantasy shopping area of my teenage self. Before becoming a creature of style, I had been a youth of odd hobbies with suburban yearnings for a cosmopolitan and punkrock lifestyle. I was, at one time, an avid listener of English pop. There was a photograph of The Clash in my locker during high school, carefully removed each year in order to be safely stored during the summer months before reinstalling each September, and their songs informed me of British geography. So the names of the areas of London were somewhat familiar to me, even before I visited for the first time. It was true, too, that, although I hadn't listened obsessively to the Clash since I was in college, their songs were a silent soundtrack every time I crossed into the U.K, cued up each time a familiar word popped into my head. London's Burning, Guns of Brixton, Hitsville UK.

The first time I was in London, I was 17 years old and stayed in the youth hostel in Hampstead Heath. So I considered this hike a bit of a London homecoming. It wasn't only the studded

belts and juggling accoutrements which brought me back two decades. It was also our destination.

As we continued on, it became evident that stopping to look at maps painted on signposts was not going to get us to Hampstead Heath. So I dropped into a magazine shop to buy an AZ London and was told that another shop, one block up, would have one. That shop, when I found it, didn't stock the maps either, and referred me to a place across the street. The place across the street didn't have them either. Five stores later, I bought 2 AZ mapbooks, but by then Dziga was involved in a conversation with a woman with odd looking dental work about the precise roads we were to take to HH.

It looked like it might rain. There was a hint of potential inclement weather. Why risk it? The IHC is nothing if not prepared for potential disaster and we have devised several methods of dealing with the possibility of a storm. Our number one solution to getting caught in the rain? Duck into a pub and wait it out. When the clouds appeared, we were near the Sir Robert Peel. In London, there is always a place to get a drink within 50 feet or so.

The Sir Robert Peel was a smoky room filled with older gentleman and their pit bulls. We fit right in. After causing a small commotion upon first walking into the scene, we were soon forgotten and we settled into a booth near the window, joined soon after by the pit bulls, Billy and Betty. When the sun came out, it bathed us in fabulous light. When not walking or drinking, the IHC is most likely to be having a photo shoot. We may never again be young, fabulous, and walking around London as a pack. We have already taken enough photographs to fill a NASA computer. Why stop now?

Brew downed, we headed back on our route. Leaving the bar, we heard a man call out "God Bless California." A grassy expanse at the edge of the city made another fine backdrop and we felt like rock and roll superstars. Like maybe Led Zeppelin. We posed in a line. A man with a gorilla mask joined us. A bystander volunteered to take our picture. It was just like being at Stonehenge, but without the giant rocks. We spent a whole lot of time prancing and ogling the view before high-tailing it back down to the city. A few hikers lagged behind. Down on the city "grid" (more like a saggy weave of snaking streets), we waited until becoming impatient. The laggards didn't show. We dropped by Pret a Manger and snarfed some snacks on the way back.

—General Friction



HIKING REPORT DAY 3 (CONT'D)

Return from Parliament Hill...the Rear Guard.



After meeting the Gorilla on Parliament Hill, half of the hikers disappeared. I had the sneaking feeling that they had hailed a cab back to the fair but it later turned out they had just powered quickly back the way we had come.

The Rear Guard, for which I was the de facto Mapholder, decided to take a shortcut back to Regent's Park. We headed south down Southampton Road but it wasn't far before several of us needed to relieve ourselves. We repaired to the Lord Admiral Humphrey, a bright blue pub in a quiet neighborhood. The gathered locals welcomed us more heartily at first sight than those of the Sir Robert Peel, perhaps because it was later in the afternoon with Friday night fast approaching. One of the blokes at the bar looked at our get-ups and said that it must have been the "ragweed". We sat down with our drinks and to our great surprise found that the fellow drinking next to us was a reporter from the Guardian. Torsten, whose beat was British Politics, found the "insubstantial" article amusing himself and suggested that we write a letter to his friend Ian, the Reader's editor at the paper.

After our drink, we headed further south toward Primrose Hill. The neighborhood became quaint and cozy. It wasn't too long before nature was calling again. We passed a Russian tea room and decided it would make a good resting spot. I felt entirely at home among the samovars and Russian dolls. A little bit of St. Petersburg in London. Many of the Russian Londoners were magnetically drawn to Velvet's metal balls, though none found my Siberian garb much out of the ordinary.

Primrose Hill brought us back to the Northern lobe one of the great green lungs of London where we were at last free to rove and romp over the darkened green. Scattered, poorly lit joggers and bikers wheeled their way past us in the dark while we angled our way toward where we thought the Fairgrounds were. Swak followed one of these joggers to the gates of the American Embassy which was hosting a party for the Fair. Machine gun toting bobbies checked the guest list, but our names were absent. We pressed on through the now emptied Regents Park. At the southern end we found that the gate was locked, but being the intrepid Interlopers that we were we scaled the fence in costume and loped our way unscathed back to HQ.



Don't Use The Glass Glasses!

Flashman Falcon tried to wash them in the men's restroom at the Art Fair sometime about 3:00 PM yesterday – but as soon as they were all soaped up the water ran out.

The workmen in charge of the restroom water pressure were quick on the scene and even quicker to decide that Falcon was responsible for the restroom water situation.... "Look at you – you clogged all of our pipes!" they accused him, Flashman vigorously rebutted this argument, pointing out that the soap was the hand soap that everyone else was using. The workman conceded, but still wouldn't let him rinse the glasses - telling him to wash them in the stand-pipes* that are somewhere outside of the building

Consequently we now have a bunch of soapy glasses on the table that people seem to be drinking from – so be warned, and use our plastic glasses instead!

*This might be another riddle in British to American translation – but none of us know *what* stand pipes are – let alone how to find them.

BREAKAWAY HIKERS!!!!

Pretty Pony: In an effort to gracefully avoid sleeping in the tent (Pretty Pony has an extremely delicate constitution these days) I was inclined to break away from Interloper activities last night and create an alternate sleeping arrangement. I sought refuge in the glamorous company of Los Super Elegantes artist and fellow Angelino, Milena Muzquiz. Milena, who is in town mounting her show at Blow de la Barra, generously treated me to a proper meal at the East End restaurant of gallerist Pablo Leon de la Barra's fabulously talented boyfriend, Bistro-tek. I indulged in a succulent crawfish salad and several vodka martinis. Overwhelmed by the bevy of party options at our disposal we quietly migrated downstairs to the disco. Both nursing recent injuries, we observed chically disheveled East Enders groove and flirt from the sidelines of the dance floor. Many cute boys were noted (we were mad for the sport coat and white sneaker look) however no googly-eyed action could be taken due to the nursing of our aforementioned broken wings. Eventually we retreated back to Milena's spacious flat for red wine, chorizo, pistachios and deeply engrossing estrogen-charged conversation.

Swak Go-Go aka Vexotica broke away earlier this afternoon to indulge her leather and feather fetish at London's Flagship Agent Provocateur and Paradiso. I am not able to disclose a detailed account of her winged, starred and strategically bowed purchases as she intends to surprise Velvet with them on their Monday Anniversary. However I think Velvet will be most pleased with a poetically cut-away piece of latex titled Anatomic Bomb...



Falcon and General Friction hiked to a book signing, which had been moved across town. Fortunately, the venue it was moved to was directly across the street from the fancy restaurant they were planning to attend for dinner. General Friction purchased 3 books, which made her already bulging bike messenger bag intensely heavy. When she checked it later at the cloakroom, the twiggy blonde coat girl claimed that she "lifts weights at the gym" and so she wasn't worried about carrying the bag to a cubbyhole for safekeeping. After leaving the bag, the representative Interlopers walked into this very swank affair. The entrance hallway was lined with blonde ladies in black cocktail dresses alternately holding trays of champagne and frozen vodka drinks. General Friction "no thank you'd" the first few offered beverages but finally gave in after the fifth or so blonde lady asked if she wanted one. The drink was made with arugula, which they call "rocket" here in London. The Brits seem to like to stick it in everything. It was also in the ice cream served for dessert. The meal consisted of a series of artfully prepared dishes. Lobster ceviche, yellowtail with jalapeño and caviar, cabbage steaks with black truffles. There was a lot of wine. The sinks in the bathrooms had

stones where the basins should be and the water just ran off the sides and into the drain. It was like washing in a fountain. As representatives of the IHC, the 2 costumed hikers tried to be both mischievous and polite. After splitting up for the night, General F window-shopped her way to her husband's hotel room where she pitched a tent on the fourth floor.

Late Night Reviews with Mohammed PART ONE

as told to Swak Go Go Mez

I awoke last night to use the loo and found our security guard, not too far away, closely examining Jonathan Monk's Butterflies. I thought this was the perfect opportunity to begin a late night art review, being that I was in a somewhat delirious state, ready to ingest more right after ridding myself of the day's crap. It is here, in this (literal) art world that had become my temporary neighborhood over the past few days, that Mohammed and I discussed the Frieze Fair and its offerings. I was most grateful for his company and insightful remarks, these are a few of them:

Terence Koh, part of the Gone yet Still Installation at Peres Projects

It is interesting – you can see that an artist spent a lot of time to make this. You can see he gave the tiniest amount of attention to it. You can see the decoration and detail. I think it is very good. He's really confused and a distractive type of person. A person that thinks about the past and fantasies, characters in costumes – he thinks about them too much. I think this is a woman's work."

Vanessa Beecroft, UB53 at Minini

I can't understand why they are doing this. Why are you showing your bodies to people like this for nothing? There is no point. I think it is totally insulting. I can't understand the reason. What kind of art is it to show your body to others? If you cropped the section out (women standing on the mound of dirt), the building would be better. You could see the efforts involved in the building.

Anthony Gormley, Quarters F8 at White Cube

This is one I like. The artist is very creative. He created a human shape with small blocks. I love this piece. When I look at it, I think he wants to show that a human being is made up of so many things, one person is made from a mixture. Even if someone is alone in this world, he is bound by so many things around him. Maybe he wants to show that with time passing, a person is going towards extinction as a metal. Maybe he wanted to show that humans are going to vanish, to die after a few years, to show that life is not forever.

EVERYDAY HIKING

The walk of art or the art of walking or... a brief historical overview



A hiking club might strike some as being out of place at an art fair, but in fact walking and indeed hiking have a rich history in and out of an art context, particularly during the twentieth century. The IHC Tent Reader features a selection from the wide array of literature documenting the evolution of walking beyond its role as a reliable form of transport.

The art of walking for pleasure became quite a phenomenon in interbellum Paris, with the emergence of the flâneur, embodied by such characters as the poet Baudelaire, who made a career of wandering the city streets and memorializing his observations of public life in such works as "Les Fleures du Mal." Baudelaire was one among a generation of young men taking inspiration from the spectacle of the modern city streets, "botanizing the asphalt," in the words of theorist Walter Benjamin.

Paris continued to provide inspiration to artistically minded walkers playing host to the Situationists who took a more political stance on their ambulations. Guy Debord, a leader of the movement, wrote prolifically about the group and their practice of dérive or drifting. A few members of the group would move through the city on foot, allowing chance rather than notions of progress or destination to guide their movements. They considered these walks and investigations into a new field of psychogeography and the movements of people through the urban context. The legacy of the Situationists and the field of psychogeography continues to inspire groups of walkers, artists and urbanists around the world.

Contemporary with the Situationists, beginning in the 1960s, with artists increasingly focusing their efforts outside of the gallery, walking and walks gained popularity as a medium for art. Hamish Fulton began taking long, solo treks primarily through wilderness areas. He documents his work with photographs and travel notes but the experience of the land from at a walkers' pace remains the focus of his work. As recently as 1998 Fulton invited participation in his efforts, enlisting a group of 25 students to undertake 14 days of hiking around Lake Como as a "shared experience in its own right and a basis for art-making."

Somewhat similarly, Richard Long translated his background in performance art, into a body of work, based on taking very structured walks from 100 yards to 600 miles in the process treating ideas of permanence and materiality. Long also focuses on the walk itself, while documenting his work, sometimes by marking the physical trace of his movement, or through maps, photographs or text.

Both Fulton and Long have discussed their work in a larger context of the history of walking citing influences from religious pilgrims to the English Romantics. Curator, lover of the outdoors, and author Rebecca Solnit published a book called *Wanderlust*, discussing elements of this rich history including groups as diverse as Greek peripatetics and contemporary mountaineers. She also includes a chapter on the incorporation of walking into contemporary art, discussing Long, Fulton, as well as several artists who have used the walk in a particular piece, as part of a larger body of work incorporating other media. Performance artist Marina Abramovic walked the entire length of the Great Wall of China with a partner step by step. Francis Alys, prolific and multimedia savvy has used the walk in his explorations of the man-made environment in London, among other cities.

While for Londoners, and residents of other condensed urban settings, the act of taking a step or many hundreds of steps may be all too familiar, in the Interlopers urban homeland, the greater Los Angeles area, the pedestrian is an oddity lost in a sea of single occupancy vehicles. This may begin to explain why the IHC, the latest walkers in a long line of individuals and groups of artists, take special pleasure in getting together simply to take a hike. —Nattie

Hiking Gear Reviews

Sportline #345 Pedometers

Mothra and General Friction (Mrs. President) both walk with the same turquoise pedometer, the Sportline Electronic, Model # 345. The owner's manual describes how to measure the length of 10 steps, divide by 10, and enter the result into the 345 as the distance of the standard stride. The 345 then multiplies this number by the amount of steps taken and then displays the result as the amount of distance walked in miles. A simple equation. Less expensive pedometers count steps but don't do the math; more complicated models display records of walks taken over a period of days or weeks, have GPS components, radios, headsets, metronomes, or speakers blaring with the sounds of an admiral barking out commands.

The Sportline 345 is a simple machine, operating competently, with the only concession to its pursuit of accuracy being the human factor. The measuring of one's stride is not as straightforward as one might imagine. A stride length might change from the carefully monitored test at home to something longer or shorter once it's removed from a domestic context and stuck out in the street. Each time a step is taken, the machine records it, but some steps are longer or shorter than others. Jumping around in a Mungo Thompson sculpture, for instance, could affect the distance of a hike. Pacing while on the phone is likely to add miles. Though Mothra and the General did the same routes and have the same pedometer, their distances were different each time. The variances were sometimes simple to account for: cabs, circuitous routes, and detours, but at other times, with all factors consistent, the distances were still different. Which doesn't really matter. Although the measurement and cataloging might be an admirable endeavor, the mileage is really a secondary interest for hikers more concerned with the experience than they are with getting from Point A to Point B. A 5 mile excursion is still a nice walk, even if it really was only 3.2 miles.

—General Friction



HIKER PROFILE: Marie 'Wolverine' Lorenz

like her mutant namesake, lives a wild unstructured existence perpetually on the verge of going awry. A military brat, she was born in the infirmary of California's Twenty-Nine Palms Marine Air Ground Combat Center. Coincidentally the base is within shouting distance of A-Z West, headquarters for the first IHC hike. As children, Marie and her brother were denied the comfort and instruction of broadcast television by their thrift-minded father. As a result both siblings are lacking in the material instincts necessary for survival in the modern world. Today her brother lives in a tree house while Marie undertakes quixotic and unprofitable projects like the Tide and Current Taxi service, recently described in the New Yorker's Talk of the Town Section. Marie Compensates for her deficient shopping drive with a superabundance of planning and coordination. She is gratified by failure, which reveals planning while success conceals it. Recently she and a friend failed to illegally board the Robert Smithson barge in New York Harbor due to alcohol and Coast Guard related factors. Lorenz is the author of *The Museum of the Five Coldest Nights of my Life*, an illustrated book of great charm and elegance. Briefly summarized, the coldest nights have been summarized over twenty years. They include Megan Garcia's unheated waterbed in Vista, California, an apartment in St. Petersburg where Marie worked at the US consulate and was debriefed, Mt. Rainer, Washington where her family builds igloos every winter, a summer cabin in the winter of Vermont and finally an abandoned boat in Greenpoint, New York with a junkie x-boyfriend. Marie is nice, but she is more cute than she nice.
—Flashman Falcon







We hike where we want and when we want. We welcome all costumed hikers to join us and apologize for not being able to be more specific about the schedule. Looks like Saturday's hike is probably going to happen around 3 or so. We met some architects in a bar and they offered to show us around, so we're crossing our fingers that they'll actually show up.

We have a laissez faire attitude towards punctuality, and we appreciate having the freedom to have our adventures plan themselves. Find us in a pub and offer to show us around. Stop by the tent and follow us on a route.

SEE YOU AT THE TENT.

